



A Weekly Family Newspaper—Devoted to Literature, Local and General News, Agriculture, and the Markets.

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

PLYMOUTH, O., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1855.

VOLUME II. NO. 45

Select Poetry.

All's Well that Ends Well.

A friend of mine was married to a scold.
To me he came, and all his troubles told.
Said he, "She's like a woman raving mad."
"Alas!" my friend, "said I, 'what's very bad.'"
"No, not so bad," said he, "for with her, true,
I had both love and land and money too."
"That was well," said I.
"No, not so well," said he;
"For I and her own brother,
Went to law with one another;
I was cast the suit was lost,
And every penny went to pay the cost."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For we agreed that he should keep,
And give me four score of Yorkshire sheep;
All fat and fair, and fine, where to be."
"Well, then," said I, "sure that was well for."
"No, not so well," said he;
"For, when the sheep I got,
They every one died with the rot."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For I had thought to scrape the fat,
And keep it in an open vat,
Then into tallow melt, for winter store,"
Why, then, said I, "that's better than before."
"No, not so well," said he,
"For having got a clumsy fellow
To scrape the fat, and make tallow;
Into the melting fat the fat catches,
And, like him-bone matches,
Burned my house to shreds."
"That was bad," said I.
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For, what is best,
My scolding wife is gone among the reeds."

Selected Miscellany.

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

STONY POINT.
July 16, 1779, 2 o'clock, P. M.
DEAR GENERAL—The fort and garrison, with Col. Johnson, are ours.
Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free. ASTY WAYNE.
TO GENERAL WASHINGTON:
The above dispatch from General Wayne announced to Washington the capture of Stony Point, on the night of July 15, 1779.

Stony Point was the name of a strong fortress on the Hudson river, which in May, 1778, was taken from Americans by Sir Henry Clinton. The loss of the fortification was much lamented by the American chief; and he resolved to recapture it upon the earliest opportunity.

Stony Point, after its occupation by the British, was made almost impregnable. The fort itself stood upon a huge rocky bluff, which in time of high water was an island. There was deep water on three sides of the works, while the fourth was a morass broken and dangerous, spanned only by a single causeway. A row of *abatis*, with earthworks, and a ditch lined with sharp stakes, defended the head of this causeway. Thus fortified, and being strongly armed at all points with cannon, Stony Point became indeed a formidable defense. It was garrisoned by a full complement of men under Lieut. Colonel Johnson, who was directed by Clinton to maintain his works until the last extremity.

At this time Wayne was in command of a corps of light infantry, which he had drilled to an admirable state of discipline. The men were nearly all from New England—tall, strong, intelligent and devoted to the cause of liberty. They had every confidence in their leader, whose ability and courage, promptness and endurance had won for him the title of "Mad Anthony Wayne." To this man Washington committed the duty of capturing Stony Point. It was a desperate adventure, but one well suited to the daring and impetuous nature of General Wayne.

At noon on the 15th of July, Wayne, with his light infantry, left Sandy Beach, in fourteen miles from Stony Point, and in Indian file, and marching along the river bank among the forests and ravines, arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening. Here the troops halted, and the general, with several officers, guided by an old negro boy familiar with the ground, went forward and cautiously but thoroughly reconnoitered the entire work. The plan of attack was soon formed. His forces were divided into two columns of one hundred and fifty men each with a forlorn hope of twenty men for each party. It may be well to state here, that the British Garrison was six hundred men, infantry and artillery—Halting within a short distance of the fort, Wayne made his final arrangements. He told his men the desperate nature of their enterprise, and how important it was for the patriot cause that Stony Point should fall. He exhorted them to be brave, steady, and never to retreat. Then he ordered the charge to be drawn from each musket, for every man was to depend upon the bayonet. Upon the point of every soldier's hat was pinned a piece of white paper to distinguish him from the enemy, and Wayne gave special directions to the officers that they should kill the first man who spoke or acted without orders. This arranged, the two columns were headed by Col. Stewart, and the other by Lieut. Col. de Flacey. A small reserve followed, headed by Wayne in person.

With the utmost caution the Americans felt their way towards the causeway. It was about eleven o'clock at night, very dark, and our forlorn hope were not discovered until near the muskets, and the cry "To arms! to arms!" rang with startling accents upon the midnight air, and in a instant the garrison was all in commo-

tion. Drums rolled—the loud voices of the officers called the men to their guns, and lights flashed from a hundred embrasures. The tide being up, the morass was flooded nearly waist deep, but at the cry of "Forward!" the patriots plunged in and waded towards the *abatis*. Then the axes of the forlorn hope began to tell upon the timbers and the ditch began to fill up with the rubbish.

At this moment the fort opened fire. From cannon and small arms a storm of shot and cannonballs fell upon the patriots. The whole fortress was shrouded with fire, and the air glowed with sulphurous light. But without an answering volley the Americans pushed on. The forlorn hope opened the palisades at a fearful loss—all but three were killed! Wayne rushed to the front cheering on his men and crying "Forward! The bayonet—the bayonet!" until struck by a musket ball, he fell severely wounded. His men gathered around, but obeying upon one knee, the gallant man shouted—"March on! Carry me into the fort, for I will die of the head of my column!"

He was carried on amid the storm of battle, the fire and smoke, the dead and dying the clash and tumult, until he lay down in the center of the fort. Here the conflict was terribly fierce. Bayonets were plunged, muskets clubbed, swords rang and struck sparks from each other, while shouts and cheers, groans and exclamations rent the air. Amid the din an American officer sprang to the flag-staff, and by the lurid glare of battle the colors of Wayne's battalion were seen ascending the British flag-staff, and Stony Point surrendered to the exulting patriots.

The American loss was not very severe—fifteen killed, eighty three wounded. The British loss was sixty three killed (all by the bayonet) and five hundred and forty-three men and officers taken prisoners. Military stores to the value of one hundred and fifty eight thousand six hundred and forty dollars were also captured. This sum was afterwards divided among the officers and privates concerned in the great victory. A gold medal was presented to Wayne, and silver ones to De Flacey and Major Stewart.

The capture of Stony Point was the greatest act of Wayne's life. It was an enterprise fraught with the utmost danger, but conceived and carried out in triumph. The troops received the congratulations of the whole country, for their gallant conduct, and liberal bounties from Congress. ANTHONY WAYNE died at a military post called Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, in December, 1796, and at his own request his body was buried under the flag staff of the 1809 his remains were conveyed to Pennsylvania and interred under a handsome monument, erected by the society of Cincinnati in Ralston church-yard, Delaware county. He was a brave man, a true friend of his country, an able General.

SUFFERINGS OF THE WOUNDED BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—A medical officer in camp before Sebastopol gives a dreadful account of the treatment and suffering of the wounded in the assault of the 18th. In the ward given to him, he says:

"I found in it fourteen wretched shaky beds, as many mattresses stuffed with chopped straw, the mattresses not sown up at the sides; and sheets and blankets to correspond. This was all—not a single chamber utensil, not a cup, knife, fork or spoon—no large vessel for holding water—enough to drink. During the night of the 18th the wounded came crowding in; some of them were admitted by the orderlies, without having seen a medical officer, and consequently, not having been seen, their wounds were not dressed till morning. Yesterday the only food given to these poor creatures until nine o'clock at night was bread bisect and tea. There was no bread for them—no arrow-root, no beef tea—nothing except tea without milk! We were occupied incessantly all yesterday and the day before in dressing and nothing but what I have named. One orderly was given to attend on 14 wounded men, and not one of whom was able to move. Each ward was the same, the constant cry of the wounded was for water. We had nothing to give them in it. Old tin cases that had contained preserved meats were eagerly sought for, but out of these they could not drink except by a most painful effort, as of course, they had to be raised up in bed. Well, sir, during the whole of that day the wounded had nothing to eat and not operating. As soon as one man was removed from the operating table another was put on. Your medical readers will understand the frightful deficiency of stores when I mention that there are no splints, except straight ones, to be had, and that there are no Macintyre's splints, nor any modification of them, and no angular splints. All these things are stored in the most lavish profusion at Scutari."

A brutal murder took place on Saturday near the Jefferson Barracks, Mo., by a company of five U. S. soldiers. They were robbing the hen roost of a Mr. Joseph Schaefer, who being aroused went out to see what was the matter. In a moment or so his wife heard the report of two muskets discharged almost simultaneously. She ran out immediately and found her husband lying on the ground dying, having been shot through the breast with a musket ball. He survived for a few minutes, and never spoke after it. The soldiers at the barracks are said to be a very lawless set.

Marquis Bièvre was celebrated for his wit, which he frequently displayed in repartees and puns. When presented to Louis XV. the following dialogue took place: Louis—"Give me a specimen of your wit." Bièvre—"Give me a subject." Louis—"Take me." Bièvre—"Sire, the King is no subject."

The Borrowed Calf.

An unfortunate bled out West, rejoicing in the cognomen of "Sugar," thus gives his experience in counting:

The only objection ever made to me in this country, as a legislator, was made by the wimmin, 'cause I war a bachelor, and I never told you afore why I remained in a state of number one. No feller stays single premeditated, and in course a hansom feller like me, who all the gals do clear to be as enticin as a jaybird, wasn't to stay alone if he could help it. I did see a creature once named Sofy Mason, up the Cumberland, high into Nashville, Tennessee, that I took an orful hanker after, and I set into lookin anxious for matrimony and I 'gin to go regular to meetin, and took to dressin trimmeous finical, just so see if I could win her good opinion. She did to look at me kind o' shy, just as a boss does at sumthin he's scared at, when, arter champion at a distance for a while, I sided up to her and blurted out a few words about the sarnin. She says 'yes,' but cuss me if I knew whether that was the right answer or not, and I'm thinkin she did it to know, nuther. Well, we larked and talked a leetle all the way 'long to her daddy's, and that I giv her the best I had in me, and raised my bran new hat as peer and perlit as a minister, lookin at all the time so enticin that I sot the gal tremblin. Her old daddy had a powerful numerous lot of healthy niggers, and lived right jinin my place, while on the other side lived Jake Simons, a sneakin, cute varmint, who war wusser than a miser for stinginess, and no sooner did this cussel serpent see me sidin up to Sofy, than he went to slickin up, too, and sot himself to work to ent me out. That ar war a struggel look to the battle of Orleans. First sum new fup of Jake's would take her eye, and then I'd sot sumthin that would outshine him, until at last Jake gin in tryin to outdress me, and sot thinkin of sumthin else. Our farms war just the same number of acres, and we both owned three niggers apiece. Jake knew that Sofy and her dad kept a sharp lookout for the main chance, so he sot her dad war out by buyin another nigger; but I follered suit, and bought one the day arter he got his, so he had no advantage ther. He then sot a cow, and so did I, and just about then both of our pussies gin out. Jake to his wit's end, and I war a wonder derin what in the yearld he would try next. We stood so, hip and thigh, for about two weeks, both of us talkin to sweet Sufy, whenever we could get her alone. I thort I seed that Jake, the sneakin cuss, war givin a nigger ahead of me, 'cause his tongue war so lily; however, I did not let on, but kep a top eye on him. One Sunday mornin I war a leetle late to meetin, and when I got ther, the first thing I seed war Jake sittin close bang up agin Sofy, in the same pew with her daddy. I biled awhile with wrath, and then turned round. I could taste myself. Ther they war, singin in him out on the same hook. Jeheminy, fellers, I war so enormous mad that the new silk handkerchief around my neck lost its color. Arter meetin war out the walkin linked arm, a smilin and lookin as pleased as a young couple at their first christinin; and Sofia turned her cold shoulder to me so orful, that I wilted down and gin right up straight—Jake had her sartin; that war no disputin it. I headed it for home, with my hands so fur in my trousers pocket as I could git em, swearin all the way that she war the last one that would ever git a chance to rile up my feelin. Passin by Jake's plantation, I looked over the fence, and ther stood an explanation of the lud matter, right facin the road, where every one passin could see it—his consarned cow was tied to a stake in the garden, with a most promisin calf along side of her. The calf's nose was in her milk, and made Sofy think that a feller who was always gettin ahead like Jake war a right smart chance for a lively husband."

A shout of laughter here drowned Sugar's voice. As soon as silence was restored, he added, in a solemn voice, with one eye shut, and his forefinger pointed at his auditor:

"What was a cussed sight wusser than his gettin Sofy, was the fact that he borrowed the calf the night afore of Dick Harley. After the varmint got Sofy hitched, he told the joke all over the settlement and the boys never seed me arterward that they didn't b-a-h to me for lettin a calf out on of a gal's affection. I'd sot Jake, but I thort it war a free country, and the gal had a right to choose, without bein made a widder; so I just sold out and traveled. I've always thort since then, boys, wimmin war a good deal like lickin'—of your love 'em too hard, they're sure to throw you some way."

ONLY IN FOX.—At a baptism in the western part of Kentucky, a few weeks since, a girl of shy disposition, about to be immersed, very naturally resisted the attempts to lead her to the water, and after a short struggle began to sob and cry with great violence. At this moment, while a crowd of spectators were anxiously watching the result, a younger brother of the girl exclaimed in an under tone, "Don't be scared Sal, they're only in fun."

A WISE ANSWER.—"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an indignant parent.

"But, ma, I like her, she is a good little girl, and I'm sure she dresses as prettily as ever I do, and she has lots of toys."

The Old Man's Birthday.

BY GRANT THORNTON.

MR. PRINTER.—I am now within a mile of the last inn by the wayside, the grave. Here I hope to sleep sweetly through a short night, and in the morning when I awake to be ever with God. I now stand on the top of Prospect hill; my sun is sinking beyond the rocky mountains; for this day I enter my eighty first year.

Looking back on the road I lately trod; it is black with hats, caps, and bonnets of men, women, and children, advancing in my tracks, many of them stop at cross roads, or where three roads meet, not knowing whether to turn to the right hand or the left; many have no guide books; and many who hold one in their hand never open its leaves to look for directions.

I will narrate in eighty minutes, my journeying of two forty years through the wilderness of this world. Many, and full of good, have been the days of my pilgrimage. The Spelling Book, the Bible, and the Assembly's Shorter Catechism—used to write my own name and cypher up addition—was the summa totum of my education, when I left Scotland. Subtraction, I even thought was worse than good for nothing in all mercantile transactions. When twenty one years and three months old, I left my father's house. Prior to this, I had never been twenty miles from his fire-side; and with regard to the world and its fashions, or men and manners, I was as ignorant as a babe.

After passing a sleepless night, my first in America, I rose at 3 A. M., to amuse two listless hours, I opened my case of books; on the top lay a small pocket bible. I opened the book; "My son," met my eye; I read to the end of the chapter; it was the third of Proverbs. It is sixty years since that morning, but at every cross road when I turned to this chapter, I found written, "This is the way, walk ye in it." One morning as the sun rose upon Gotham, I espied a lovely sister advancing in my path. I begged her to walk with me on my way. She had many scruples. My life was bound up with hers. I referred to my chapter aforsaid; I did as I was told by the sixth verse. The answer was immediate—(Psalm cxlv, 1st clause)—"From that hour the fever left her." After a short process, our hearts were knit together in a bond of love, by Dr. Mason, according to the Canons of the Kirk of Scotland, in like case made an provided. Have you read in the Book of the Chronicles of Laurie Todd, a full and particular account of the courtship of Grant and Rebekah. You can now read, in the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis, a beautiful love story, about the courtship of Isaac and Rebecca, (verse 58) Says her mother, "Rebecca, wilt thou go with this man?" and he said, "I will go." Here now a bonnie lass; no fussing and blushing, simpering, whimpering, make believe, or mock modesty; no lying through the windows on wings hysterical; but like an honest maiden, what her heart indicted her lips spoke—"I will go."

Now, my dear young ladies, (I was once as young as any of you, and, by God's keeping, I am as young still), suffer the word of exhortation from your grandfather, who has seen eighty summers and eighty winters. When the man you prefer says, "Wilt thou go with me?" defer not to say, "I will go." But beware of a godless man or a free thinker; one who scoffs at everything which society holds sacred: I have ever found these men tyrant over their households.

We had been twelve months married when desolation came in like a flood; the fever swept the streets, and the strong men fell like grass beneath the scythe of the mower. Our friends fled; we had no refuge. I referred to my third chapter. I read to Rebekah the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth verses. Peace, such as the fever could not take away, possessed our hearts. In the midst of this dance of death, Rebekah became a mother. Death, lamentation, and we were howling around our dwelling, but within was joy and peace; for it was well with the mother, it was well with the child; "I will go" under my roof. We read the 103d, 108th, 121st and 131st Psalms. Seventeen summers I saw the visitation, yet the plague never entered my dwelling.

"It's all delusion," says the ghost of Tom Paine, the Pope and the devil. If so, it is a very cheap delusion, (you can say a Bible for a trifle), a very pleasant, and a very comfortable delusion; it has carried me over the storms of eighty winters. It will carry me over the swelling of Jordan, the noise of whose waters is now sounding in my ears. I therefore recommend this sure guide to every traveler who is marching in my rear.

Next to the doctrine of life and immortality through Christ, I don't think the Bible contains another so cheering, so consoling, and so supporting as the doctrine of a *Particular Providence*. I have held the bowl while my friends vomited their heart's blood. I had no fear; I was at my post; the hairs on my head were all numbers of I knew death does not remove one, till once he received an order commiserated in heaven. Often he passed in front of my door, but the covenant had marked the post and limits. Seeing this, he spoke to his guards, "Go forward!" God is able to save or destroy, as he was on the night when he slew the first borne of Egypt.

Where I shall see another birthday, or whether I shall see another Sabbath, or whether I shall see another sun, gives me no concern. Whether I am crushed in the street by rolling wheels or prancing horses, it matters not; I know he will keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

Ride on a Cow.

During the Revolutionary War when a corps of the American Army were encamped near the borough of Elizabethtown, in New Jersey—an officer who was rather more a devotee of Venus than of Mars, paid his addresses to a lady of distinction, whom he was in the habit of visiting nightly, in the cultivation of those kindly feelings which love so cordially inspires. On a discovery of the cause of the repeated absence of the officer, and of the place where his interview with his dulcinea were had, some wagwag friends resolved to play off a handsome trick at his expense, which should deter him from his amorous visits. The officer, it appears, rode a very small horse of the pony kind, which he always left untied, with the bridle reins over his neck, near the door, in order to mount and ride off without delay, when the business of courting and kissing was over; and the horse remained until backed by the owner, without attempting to change his position. On a certain very dark night, when the officer had, as usual, gone to pay his devours to the object of his affections, and was enjoying the approving smiles of the lovely fair-one, his wagwag companions went privately to the door of the house where the officer was, took the bridle and saddle from the horse, which they sent quietly away, placed the former on the tail, and the latter on the back of a very ruminative old cow, (with the crupper over the horns,) who stood peacefully chewing her cud near the spot. Immediately thereafter, they retired some distance from the house, and separating, raised the loud alarm that the enemy had landed, and were marching in full force into the village. On hearing the voice of alarm, the people ran out greatly excited, and consternation entering every dwelling, found its welcome way speedily into the household temple where our official hero was worshipping. Taking counsel from his fears, and snatching a hasty kiss he started from the lady's chamber, and rushing rapidly down stairs, shot out of doors with the velocity of a musket ball, and owing to the darkness, not seeing the interesting change in the conformation of his nag, mounted hastily upon the saddle, with his face towards the head of the cow, and plunging his sharp spurs deeply into her side, caused her to bawl out with excessive pain, and she darted off in gallop style, and in her best gallop made towards the camp. The officer still plying his trusty spurs and whip to the skin and bones of the suffering old animal, and with all his wine and love on board—finding himself hurried rapidly backwards, despite all his efforts to advance; and hearing the repeated howlings of the tortured and frightened beast, he imagined that he was carried off by magic, and roared out most lustily that the old Nick had got him—was carried in this state of perturbation into the very alignment of the camp. The courageous sentinels, hearing the noise, and imagining no doubt, that Hannibal and his oxen were coming, discharged their pieces and fled—their dead heat to arms; the officers left their quarters and cried turn out! turn out! with all the strength of their lungs. The soldiers started from their sleep as if a ghost had crossed their dreams—and a phlegm body manning, half naked together, formed as quickly as possible, in gallant disabillade, prepared to repel the terrible invader. When lo! the ludicrous sight presented itself to their eyes, of the gallant officer, mounted on an old cow, with his face towards her tail, and his appendage sticking straight out behind; his tongue hanging out—her sides gory with the grievous digging of the spurs, and himself, owing to his excessive fear, and most deprived of reason, and half petrified with horror. A loud and general roar of laughter broke from the assembled band, at the rider and the steed—the whole corps gave him three hearty cheers, as he bolted into the camp, and he was seized and carried to his quarters in triumph, there to dream of love's metamorphoses, backward rides, sternway advances, alarms of invasion, and thereby to garnish his mind with the materials for writing a splendid treatise on Cow Riding.

Judge Willey, as he is called, was once presiding in San Augustine county, when a legal bully attempted to intimidate him. Thompson having succeeded in packing a jury to suit his purpose, turned his attention to the Court and remarked—"Please your honor, here is the law which governs this case," at the same time drawing a Bowie-knife of an unusual size, and laying it before him across an open book.

"Forewarned, forearmed," said Judge Willey, and drawing from beneath his hunting-shirt, not a colt but a horse-pistol, he very calmly rejoined—"This, sir, is the constitution, and is paramount to the law."

Mr. Thompson peaceably acquiesced. Two sons of Erin were moralling over the result of the late election. "Bad news, Pat," said Mike. "Faith, and you're right there," responded Pat. "What would General Jackson say to this, if he were alive now?" ejaculated Mike. "He gorra' replied Pat, 'he'd say he was glad he was glad he was dead.'"

Good.—The ladies of Philadelphia have formed a "Native Know Nothing Society." This is a good move, as there can be no natives without them.—N. Y. Pic.

MY HUSBAND.—My husband is a very strange man. To think how he should have grown so provoked about such a little matter as that scarlet scarf. Well, there's no use trying to drive him. I've settled that on my mind. But he can be coaxed—can't he though? and from this time henceforth, shan't I know how to manage him? Still, there's no denying, Mr. Adams is a very strange man.

You see, it was this morning at breakfast, I said to him, 'Henry, I must have one of those ten-dollar scarfs at Stuart's. They are perfectly charming, and will correspond so nicely with my maroon velvet cloak. I want to go out this morning and get one before they are all gone.'

'Ten dollars don't grow on every bush, Adeline; and just now times are pretty hard, you know,' he answered, in a dry, careless kind of tone, which irritated me greatly. Beside that, I knew he could afford to get me the scarf just as well as not only, perhaps my manner of requesting it did not quite suit his lordship.

'Gentlemen who can afford to buy satins at ten dollars a piece, can have no motive but penuriousness for objecting to give their wives as much for a scarf,' I retorted, as I glanced at the money which a few moments before he had laid by the side of my plate, requesting me to procure one for him; he always trusts my taste in these matters. I spoke angrily. I should have been sorry for it the next moment, if he had not answered—

'You will then attribute it to my penuriousness. I suppose, when I tell you I cannot let you have another ten dollars to day?'

'Well, then I will take this and get me the scarf. You can do without your vest this fall,' and I took up the bills and left the room, for he did not answer it.

'I need it, and I must have it,' I soliloquized, as I washed my tear swollen eyes, and adjusted my hair for a walk down Broadway, but all the while there was a still small voice in my heart whispering, 'Don't do it; go and by the vest for your husband, and at last would you believe it?—that lesser voice triumphed. I went down to the tailor's, selected the vest, and brought it home.

'Here it is, Henry; I selected the color which I thought would suit you the best. Isn't it rich?' I said, as I unfolded the vest after dinner, for somehow my pride was all gone, I had felt so much happier ever since I had resolved to forego the scarf.

He did not answer me, but there was such a look of tenderness filling his dark and handsome eyes, as his lips dropped to my forehead, that it was as much as I could do to keep from crying outright.

But I haven't told the cream of the story yet. To night when he came home to supper he threw a little bundle into my lap. Won'ting what it could be, I opened it, and there, would you believe it, was the scarlet scarf, the very one I had set my heart on at Stuart's yesterday!

'Oh! Henry,' I said, looking up and trying to thank him, but my lips trembled, and then the tears dashed over my eyelashes, and he drew my head to his heart, and smoothed down my curls, and murmured the old loving words in my ear, while I cried a long time, but O, my tears were such sweet ones.

He is a strange man, my husband, but he is a noble one too, and his heart is in the right place, after all, only it's a little hard to find it sometimes, and it seems to me my heart never said it so deeply as it does to-night. God bless him!

A SPIRITED WIFE.—One Thomas Carlisle publishes a card in a Kentucky paper forbidding any one to trust or harbor his wife, as he will not pay her debts.

The indignant spouse comes back at him in the following strain: "It is false that I left my home without any cause or provocation. I had pork and bread for my breakfast, pork and bread for my dinner, and pork and bread for my supper—and because I wanted coffee for my breakfast, he raised a chair to knock my brains out. He said what was good for him was good for me. I took my oath of this before Esq. Owens some time ago. Through false pretences and lies he got me to sign away my dower, and the last time I went home he drove me out of the house for saying that I saw him go early, before any one was up, and bring home boards on his back. He forbade my milk woman to bring but a pint—it was so extravagant—half of it was thrown into the swill. He told him I wanted mush. He said a pint was plenty. So for my pork and bread again, and some times a huge catfish skinned alive. Besides all this abuse, he sold the last thing held dear on the face of the earth—a pet calf that never cost him anything. I am the wife of old Carlisle, and he will support me."

In 1820 there was a bill before the New York House of Assembly in relation to a locality in Delaware county that was called "The Devil's Half-Acre." Elisha Williams took occasion to express his surprise from what he saw of the county, in the House, that the devil's patrimony was so small there! Gen. Root (who was well-aware that Williams had been a great speculator in lands sold for taxes), answered that his patrimony had once been greater, but it had mostly been sold for taxes, and bought in by his friends.

The Toledo Blade publishes the marriage of Mr. John Paddle to Emily Canoe, and adds that the happy groom can exclaim with the poet—

"I paddle my own canoe."

Hardware. POWERS & KINNEY have on hand a large assortment of Hardware, Nails, Iron, Glass, Sash, Carpenters Tools, etc., for sale low for cash.

APPALLING SACRIFICE OF LIFE.—War was declared against Russia by England and France in March, 1854—only sixteen months ago. The prodigious loss of life which hostilities have, during the short space of time, occasioned, begins to call forth remark from the European press.—The progress of enlightenment and science does not seem, from the calculations that are made, to have rendered war less bloody than of yore, nor to have diminished the aggregate of losses by exposure and disease. Since the declaration of war by Turkey, in the autumn of 1853, the loss to that Empire's estimated at 130,000 men. The French have, since their arrival in the Crimea, lost 70,000, dead or invalided; while the British have suffered to the extent of 30,000. The loss of the Russians is variously estimated from 250,000 to 300,000. Austria, too, though not at war, has suffered immensely by diminution of force in the unhealthy localities where she has been obliged to place her armies. Taking also into account the mortality on board the ships of war and transports, and among the laborers of different kinds attached to the armies, of whom there are thousands in the Crimea, it may be assumed that from 600,000 to 700,000 men have perished or become invalid since the commencement of the war. What the amount of mortality will be when operations shall be conducted on a larger scale—when bloody battles shall be fought in the open field and gigantic contests shall decide the issue of campaigns—remains hidden in the future. The wars of the French Republic and Empire cost to Europe 6,000,000 of men; but if we may judge from the past eighteen months, the present struggle is destined to exceed all that have gone before in the wide-spread destruction which it will cause.—*Journal of Com.*

A NEGRO'S EXCUSE FOR STEALING.—"Tom said Dick, 'you've been stealing massa's turkey.'"

"I ain't no such thing; who says I tuk massa's turkey?"

"I say so," said Dick, "for I seed you go into de turkey-house, and come out wid de turkey head stickin out of a bag."

"Oh, well," rejoined Tom, "if you did see me sure enuff, Dick, den I did take it; and if you won't say nothin' bout it, I'll give you de drum stick, dat's all dat's left."

Dick made no promise, but the master, who had overheard the conversation, soon had the delinquent Tom before him.

"Tom," said he, "I have just heard you confess having stolen my Turkey."

"Well, massa," says Tom, "since I've been cotechin', I'll just own I tuk it; I want 'goin' to deny it, no how."

"Now, Tom, you know I don't allow stealin on my plantation, and I must punish you for this."

"Pray massa, don't let the overseer flog me; for massa, (a sudden thought seeming to strike him,) you hain't lost nothin' if I did steal dat turkey."

"Why, you rascal, didn't you admit you had stolen and eaten it?"

"Dat's true, massa," said Tom, "yet still you hain't lost nothin'."

"How's that?" said his master.

"Well, you see, massa, I tuk de turkey and I done eat it. When I tuk de turkey and eat it, it got to be part of me—it went into me and made more nigger for you, massa. So you see what you lost in turkey you made up in nigger."

Tom was excused for his wit.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR.—The following scene in the life of a country doctor is taken from the Knickerbocker. The poor doctor is called from his bed on a stormy night with the stirring summons: "Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Bank's. His child's dead."

Then why do you come? "He's pined." They gin him lodum for parrygoric. "How much have they given him?" "Dunno, a great deal. Think he won't get over it."

The doctor pushes off through the storm with divers mishaps, on the way, and at length arrives at the house of the pined patient. He finds all closed, not a light to be seen.

He knocks at the door, but receives no answer. He knocks furiously, and at last a night cap appeared from the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaked out—

"Who's there?"

"Why the doctor to be sure. You sent for him."

"Oh, it's no matter doctor. Ephraim is better. We got a little skinned kinder—Gin him lodum and he slept kinder o'sound, but he's woke up now."

How much did he swallow? "Only two drops! 'Taint hurt him none. Wonderful bad stern."

The doctor turns away buttoning up his overcoat to his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away mortification and anger, when the voice calls—

"Doctor, Doctor!"

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